The Bystander, January 6, 1915.—No. 579. Vol. XLV.

The BYSTANDER

COUSIN JONATHAN: "See here, John! Owin' to your searchin' pro-cliv'ties, some of my citizens ain't makin' all the pe-cuniary profit out o' this here war they might"

JOHN BULL: "My good friend, this is very affecting and regrettable, no doubt, but are you aware that I'm fighting for my life—and YOURS?"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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Bystander Comments

Yet Another Falsehood

WILLIAM has begun the New Year badly. In his New Year's Message to his armies, the Kaiser says that Germany is defending her sacred domestic hearth against an outrageous invasion. He knows perfectly well that the war was begun by the invasion by himself and his ally of the peaceful lands of Belgium, France, Serbia and Poland. If either of their own blessed countries has been invaded, it has been as a retaliation. I am heartily sorry that the shade of George Washington did not cross the Imperial threshold before this document was sent to press.

* * *

The Only Chance

If lying has any excuse at the present time, the only one I can discover for William's Latest Effort is that it has now become necessary for Germany to sing soft and low. Having failed to subjugate the rest of Europe, and to crush the British Empire as per programme, he sees that the only chance of preparing his people for Peace is to pretend that they have been waging a defensive, instead of a brutally offensive, war.

* * *

"Our Friends the Enemy"

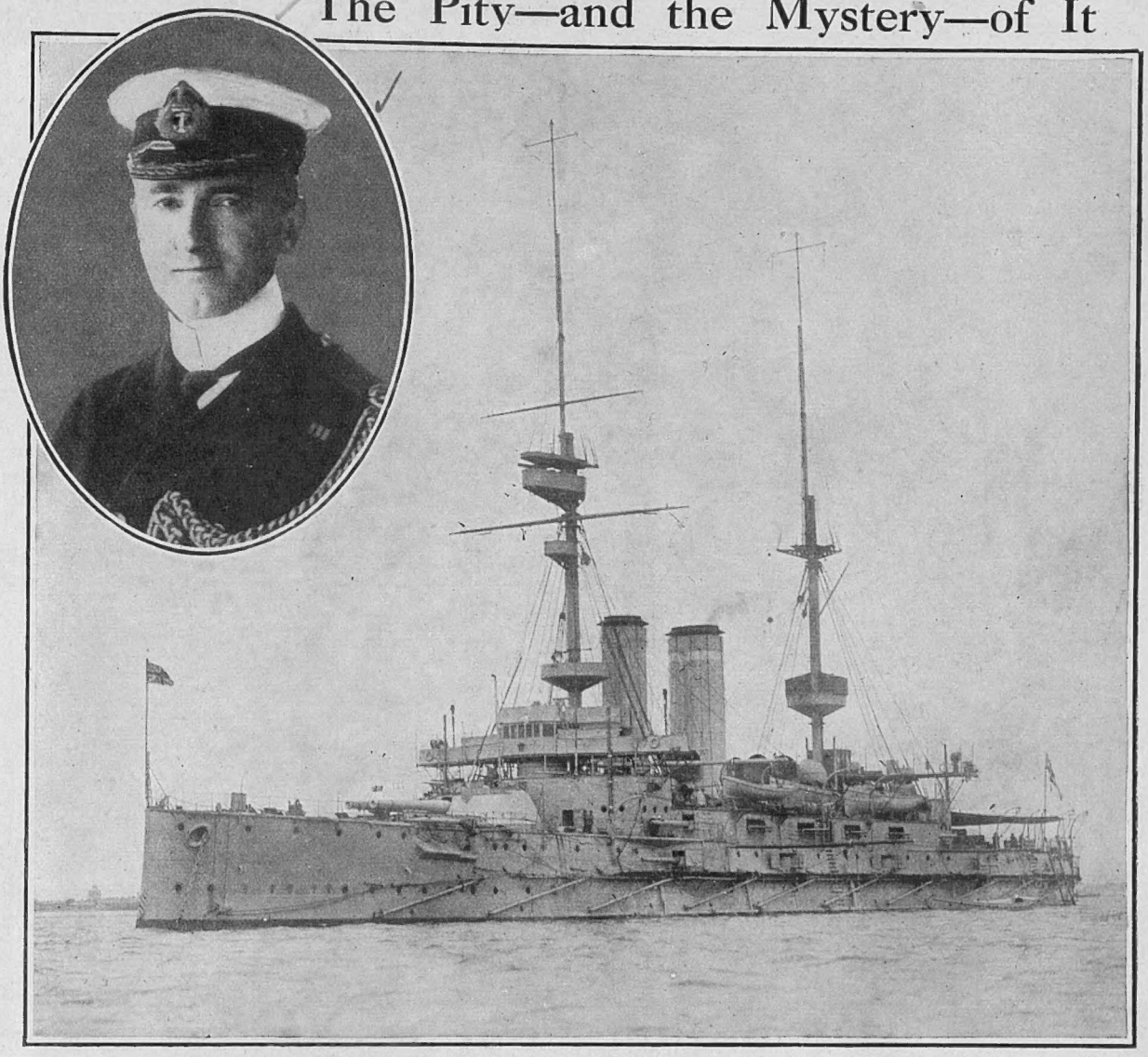
People gasped with astonishment to read in the papers the accounts of how Christmas Day was spent in the trenches. Tommy Atkins and Fritz positively fraternising, shaking hands, saluting, exchanging cigarettes and photographs and cards! Everybody who knows anything of psychology has been fully prepared for this. Rage and screech as the papers may, brag and swagger as may the politicians, it is the undoubted fact that between the rank and file of the British and German nations there is no natural repulsion of any kind—none! We may dislike German political pretensions: the Germans may loathe British jingoism. But man to man there is no blood feud between these two peoples. Sweep away on the one side the military swankers and on the other—perhaps—the secret diplomats, and leave these two peoples face to face, and they will be to each other as were Tommy and Fritz on Christmas Eve between the trenches.

* * *

Play the Game, Jonathan!

No, Cousin Jonathan, your Professor-President does not do your sentiments quite justice in this Note of his about the right to search. It does not present you in quite a noble light that you should make your first appearance as a defender of the Rights of Nations at the dictation of people who say they are losing money over the war. Had you taken up a stand from the first on behalf of the Rights of Nations, and whacked in your protest against the crushing of Belgium, the killing of her citizens, burning of her churches and cities, blackmail of the citizens, the sowing of mines in the path of merchant ships, the

The Pity—and the Mystery—of It



H.M.S. FORMIDABLE

Sunk on New Year's Day in the Channel as the result of an explosion caused, presumably, either by a mine or a submarine—another proof, if proof were needed, of the horror of the hidden danger which is now such a prominent element in naval warfare. Every such disaster, so far from shaking our determination, teaches us to be prepared for reverses that must almost inevitably happen under present conditions and strengthens our confidence in the splendid men of our Navy. (Inset is a photograph of Captain Loxley.)

bombardment of undefended seaside watering-places, then you might with dignity have made a move against us for what you say is an unfair interference with your trade. But to blossom out as a champion of right and justice only when your parent country, fighting for liberty, life, and for everything you hold dear, has to search some of your ships for contraband, shows your President not to understand his people quite as well as you would like him to do.

***

Are We Excited? No!

Another thing. It was not quite nice, when you know our enemy is straining every nerve to set England and America by the ears, to appear to be playing his game by addressing a Note so peremptory in terms, which you make public before our Ministers have had time to glance at it. We believe America's sympathies, as a whole, are against the Prussian military bully, and in favour of the Allies and the small nations. If, however, her Professor-President should have come under the influence of the Empire of Professors, and be inclined to play their game for them, Britain would not lose her temper. She would keep quite cool.

A Perpetual Reminder

Sir George Buchanan, our Ambassador in Petrograd, has been, I see, at pains to explain to the Russians, lest pro-German influences poison their minds, what Britain has really done to help her Allies. We cannot have too many of these reminders. It must be hammered into doubting minds, wherever they are, that the quarrel was none of ours in the first instance; that we struck in to help defend Europe from German dominance; and struck in not only with what military force we had available, but with the power of our Navy, the power of our purse, and the power of our factories.

***

What Might Have Occurred

Let Russia and France just ask themselves where they would have been *had we remained neutral.* Russia, in the first instance, would have had the whole German fleet against her in the Baltic, with the danger of the landing of a German Army on the Neva. She would not have had Japan as an ally, and her Asiatic coasts would, therefore, have been open to German sea-attack. France would have had to meet the German and Austrian Navies unaided, and her coasts would have been liable to bombardment north, south,

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

and west, her shipping to destruction, and her colonies to conquest. Lastly, with the greatest possible respect, the Battle of the Marne without the British might not have been quite the success it was. There would have been no Battles of the Aisne and Yser, and Paris might be at present as German as is Brussels. That takes into account nothing at all of what may happen when the new Army arrives on the Continent next Spring.

THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G.
Whose name appears in the New Year Honours List as a new Knight of the Garter

* * *

No Mortification, Thanks!

These being the facts, it seems to me to be gratuitous for the *Times* to tell us, as it did in a leading article, that it is our duty to "mortify our national pride by thinking what France is doing for the common cause." Let us gently remind France that the cause was hers first, and the common one next. Germany did make an attack on France: she did not make one on England. *Au contraire*, she tried all she knew how to keep us neutral. We intervened to help France save herself, and she has gallantly done so. We deny that we are called on to "mortify our national pride" or to sing small in any way about the achievements of our own men fighting on foreign soil, in the defence of foreign hearths and homes, and the rights of foreign nations.

* * *

"Honours" as Usual

The annual studied insult to the British nation, known as the Honours List, was, war notwithstanding, duly flung on New Year's Day. Apart from gallantry in the field, which is its own honour, this is a time when men are really showing their country what they are worth, and it is sheerly amazing to learn that the only people who have been regarded as fit to receive titles at the hands of the King are, this year as before, politicians, town clerks, bailiffs, municipal nobodies, a Welsh editor, a barrister, "some" solicitor, and an Insurance Act actuary.

* * *

An Amazing List

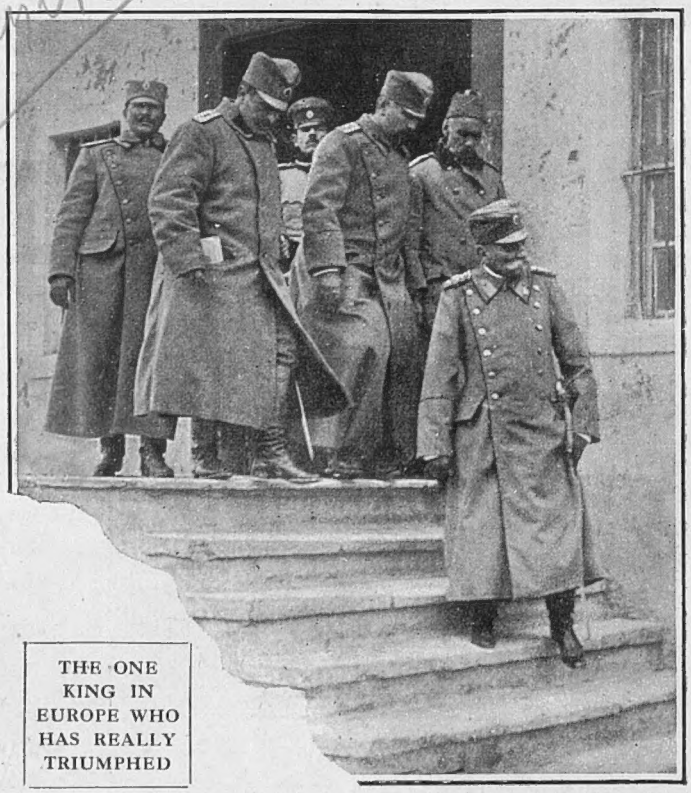
In times of peace one would have accepted these "honours" cynically as mere rewards for party services rendered. But after five months of a war in which thousands of citizens have placed almost all they have at the service of the State, it is inexplicable that there should not have been found men more entitled to knighthoods than those in this List. Is the Government not indebted to private effort and enterprise for any of its success in the sending of armies abroad and the raising of them at home? Or is a special War List of Honours being kept over until a later date?

* * *

Where Due

I notice, though, that there is the Astronomer Royal on the list, the general manager of the L.S.W.R., and the poet, Mr. Newbolt.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.T.
Upon whom the dignity of a Marquisate has been conferred

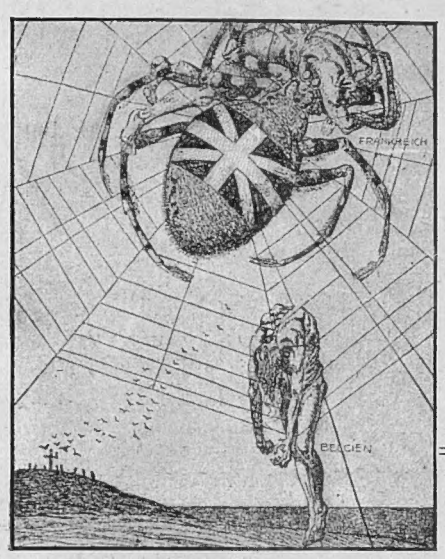


THE ONE KING IN EUROPE WHO HAS REALLY TRIUMPHED

King Peter of Serbia, whose Army's expulsion of the Austrians from Serbia was the most brilliant and the only really decisive achievement of the war

When Will They Learn Humour?

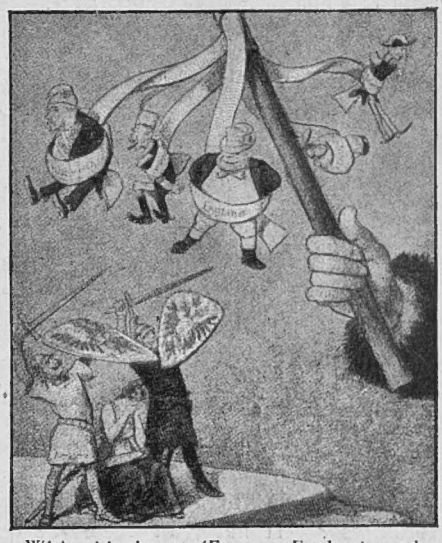
How German Cartoonists Contradict Each Other



England sucking the blood of Belgium and France

From "JUGEND," *Munich*

In the first cartoon, England is represented as the villain of the Alliance; in the second, Russia. Well, well!



With this knout (France, England, and Servia) Russia proposes to destroy civilisation

From "KIKERIKI," *Vienna*

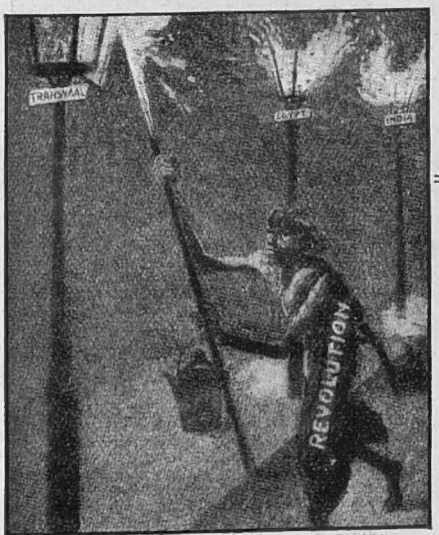
FRENCHMAN: "Dear Jeanne D'Arc, come again and hurl these damned English out of France"

From "LUSTIGE BLÄTTER," *Berlin*

In the first, France is shown complaining of the presence of British troops in France; in the second, of their absence. Dear, dear!

JOFFRE: "In God's name, Mr. French, where are your reserves?"
FRENCH: "We have only one regiment, and we must keep that for the triumphal entry into Berlin"

From "SIMPLICISSIMUS," *Munich*



The old lamplighter is back at work once more

From "KLADDERADATSCH," *Berlin*

In the first, the cartoonist boasts of the success of "Revolution" in South Africa; in the second, he snarls at its failure. Tut, tut!

(*Old proverb*)
"Only the most foolish calves choose their own slaughterer"

From "KLADDERADATSCH," *Berlin*

One of the greatest failures of the German machine is in the manufacture of humour. The secret of satire is to hit your enemy in his weak spot. The three instances above given show the hopelessness of the efforts of the German funny man to find it

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The services of the two first-named will not be questioned; while Mr. Newbolt *is* a poet.

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"Times" Changes

Congratulations to *The Times* on its change of type and arrangement. One had not been too pleased with the recent settings. Perhaps *The Times*, if it has conceded one improvement, is in the mind to consider others. As a friendly critic, therefore, may I suggest just a *leetle* less of the special "expert" article, and just a *leetle* more of "the news"? The public looks to the much-boomed *Times* for exclusive news, as well as for the teaching of their jobs to the Government, the General Staff, and the Admiralty.

***

Why the Pen and not the Sword?

Talking of the expert military article, what precisely is the position of the military officers whose names now appear against so many columns of the Press? If many of these are quite harmless technicalisations of the obvious, others consist in the main of more or less veiled attacks on the War Office and General Staff. The question the public is apt to ask is, if these gentlemen know so much about how war should be conducted why are they not on active service? Perhaps the excuse is age or ill-health? But if those are bars to service, they should also be bars to criticism of those who serve.

The Drawbacks of the Press Colonel

The Press is, of course, free to criticise, and, no doubt, it needs experts to help it in its task. But the Press should be the master, not the servant, of the expert, and should take very good care that the hired officer does not use its columns for the grinding of his own axes or the airing of his grievances. The Press Colonel is, in nine cases out of ten, a conscriptionist. He is anxious to prove that everything would have been well had we had conscription, and that everything must be bad because we have not. That does not make for fair criticism, and if the Censor has been inordinately busy over the "copy" of the Press Colonel it is probably as much because of his animus as of any knowledge he may possess of military secrets.

Our Belgian Toy Fund

I have pleasure in acknowledging the following donations to the Belgian Toy Fund: R. A. A., Malta, £2 2*s.*; F. A. Leslie Jones, Lahore, £1; Dorothy, Helen, and Harold Holt, Kamloops, B.C., £1 1*s.*; Fred S. Hicks, St. Kitts, B.W.I., 10*s.*; Mildred Hodson, Bangalore, 5*s.*; B. A., 5*s.*; Nancy R. Collis, 2*s.*; Mrs. J. P. Howe, 7*s.* 6*d.*

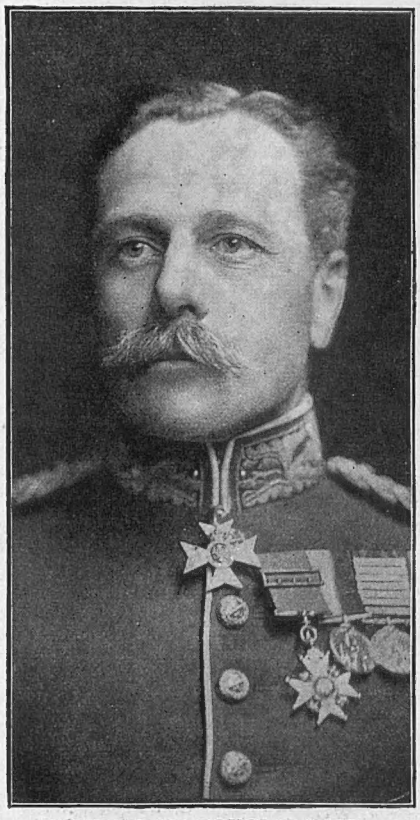
Parcels of toys from: Margaret Ackroyd, Southport; Miss Grove, Brentwood; Gertrude Pennington, Warton, near Carnforth, Lancs.; Miss England, Warborough; Juliet and Gawen Brownrigg, Maidenhead.

"PLEASED TO MEET YOU!"

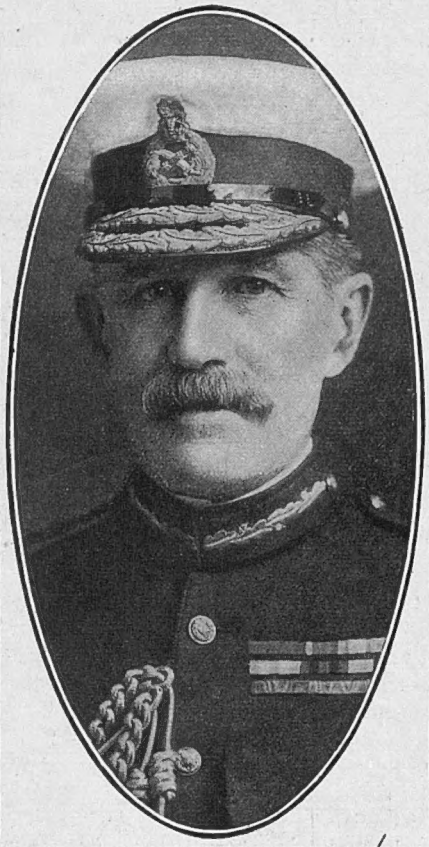
A photograph taken under shell-fire by a British rifleman of some men of the First Battalion of the Rifle Brigade "standing-to" in their trench in anticipation of an attack by Germans, whose trenches are only a short distance away

First-Class Fighting Men

TO HEAD THE NEW ARMIES OF A FIRST-CLASS FIGHTING NATION



GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
To Command the 1st Army



GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN
To Command the 2nd Army

GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER
To Command the 3rd Army

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON
To Command the 4th Army

GENERAL SIR LESLIE RUNDLE
To Command the 5th Army

GENERAL SIR BRUCE HAMILTON
To Command the 6th Army

At the outbreak of the war we had technically only one army at the front, but owing to the enormous numbers of the new forces raised it has become necessary to expand our organisation into six armies each consisting of three Army Corps. Their growth and progress form a striking proof of the solid work done by Lord Kitchener since he "took charge." The first two armies will be commanded by Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, appropriately enough, since they are our leading Commanders at the front, while the other four Commanders are the pick of the available full Generals on the active list

Photographs by Barnett, Lafayette, Bassano, and Elliott and Fry

In England—Now!

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, JANUARY 4, 1915

MY DEAR COUSIN,—

IT'S a long way to Calais, isn't it? And I expect it will be longer still by the time you get this letter. But all the same—well, January is a depressing month, full of bills and things at best, and just at the moment we're feeling, perhaps, just a little oppressed. The price of Empire's high and the ordeal stern and long, and though we know we're going to win, we know it's not quite yet. So it's rather with set teeth than with our usual cocksureness that we're facing 1915. There are awfully big things to be done, and we're all beginning to realise it.

* * *

Just to give you an idea of the subtle way war has changed things here—someone who I believe is an authority on the once-great subject has just put it into print somewhere that golf is unimportant, that, indeed, when you come to think of it, there's even something "essentially ridiculous" about the game.

* * *

And as I haven't heard that anyone has risen and fallen upon him and slain him for his horrid blasphemy, I suppose he's still at large. But just imagine, what a regular *revolution* there would have been if anyone had dared to say it *before* — before, when our men went off every week-end that ever was to their golf, no matter if the Heavens fell, and there used to be whole dinner-parties where they talked of hardly anything else while meek women sat dumb as mummies as befitted the uninitiated in the presence of sacred mysteries.

"January is a depressing month, full of bills and things at best"—

* * *

But in war-time, instead of knocking small balls about for hours with sticks, we drill, and really seem quite to like forming fours and doing Swedish exercises and things—it's always pleasant, isn't it, to feel one's doing something? The new game is quite good for the figure, too, and *much* better for the temper, than one of those "off" golfing days when men get so dreadfully cross and so dreadfully thirsty. Wheeling and extending and doubling seem to produce a glow of such pure patriotism as not even the nastiest of nasty War Office snubs can really permanently quench.

* * *

But all the same, *ma cousine*, I don't believe the war, even if it goes on for the three years that Lord Kitchener didn't say it would, is really going to change everything into something so new and strange as some people seem to think. For one thing, there's nothing shorter than public memory, and then human nature is so unchangeably just mere human nature, isn't it? And as the delightful Mrs. Dowdall puts it in her last book, if there is anything more remarkable than the way in which everything in the world is constantly changing, it is how everything goes on just as usual.

—"That golf is unimportant"

* * *

Some people's idea seems to be that we shall drop all our little affectations and aspirations and poses and cultivate simplicity—which is so much more complex. Thus, men will own up cheerfully to loving afternoon tea and reading novels and eating chocolates and never really taking a cold bath in the morning. Women will discard the "loose-living, passionate doll" pose which has been worn for so long in the best Society and come out in their true colours — regular Penelopes of deep-dyed virtue. And the memoirs of Countess Hotstuffski will vanish from our drawing-room tables also, perhaps—though I do hope not—Mr. D. H. Lawrence's very last word on lovers It might be all quite amusing just for a little. But I shouldn't give it life everlasting.

* * *

Talking of men, though, you never saw anything like the way the khaki kind—good, bad, or indifferent—have put the others altogether out of the reckoning over here, on the social and ornamental side, anyway. It's a case of "all the nice girls love a soldier" now, for the sailors hardly ever get any time off from that tiresome North Sea, and the civilians, as aforesaid, have become back numbers. We Christmassed at Folkestone, that being the one and only departure and arrival platform for all the Channel boats now, and as a cheerful khakied one who'd seen not much more soldiering than I have naïvely remarked, "We *are* an attraction, aren't we?"

* * *

Well, they certainly are—and why not? Of course, most of them one meets at the coast places now are Territorial officers, once regarded as a very inferior brand to the Regulars—of whom there seem to be few left over here, except some of the staff men, whose scarlet and gold caps remind one of happier and more peaceful days. But the war has changed all that. They mayn't have quite the Club manner or brush their hair quite so smoothly as the British officer of ante-war tradition. But they're every bit as keen, if not keener, and, above all, they wear the khaki—and all it stands for.

* * *

And it's natural, I suppose, that uniforms of any kind should go to our heads in war-time—especially in this once so ostentatiously unmilitary England of ours. Lots of middle-class maidens have never even seen an officer in uniform out of processions, much less danced and dined and dallied with him in it, and the sudden influx of masses of them, even though they may not be quite the real thing, is, naturally, a little exciting. And all that brown leather smells very nice, you may have noticed.

Portraits of Current Interest

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS FELICITY TREE

Daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Beerbohm Tree. She is now in Paris qualifying for the post of a nurse at a base hospital

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE NEW LADY BURKE

Formerly Miss Elsie Mathews, daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Mathews of Mount Hanover, County Meath, whose marriage to Sir Gerald Burke, Bart., of the Irish Guards, took place on December 23, at St. James's, Spanish Place

Photograph *Bassano*

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE

Who is lying dangerously ill with typhoid fever at Easthampstead Park, the Marquis's Berkshire seat

Much more warlike, anyway, than a mere boiled shirt and broadcloth.

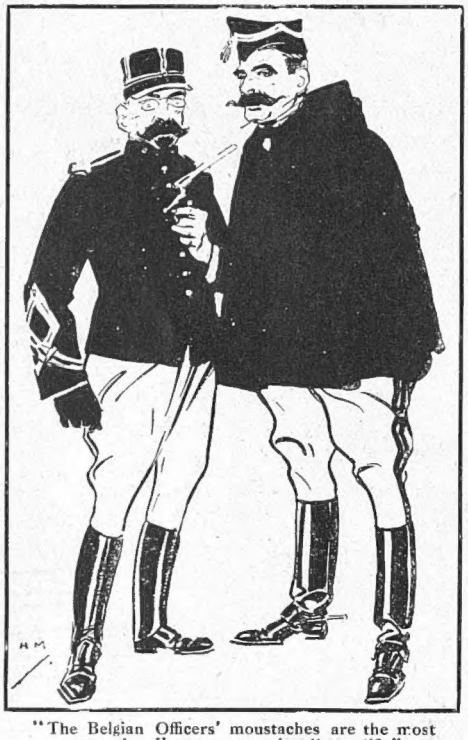
* * *

It was strange, once off the track of the khaki, to find such a strong foreign element in that most British of British institutions, an English seaside town. Of the Belgian refugee proper one didn't see very much. They're not keen on too much fresh air and exercise, I imagine, and remain most of the time in their carefully unventilated retreats. But now and again you met them in clumps, the men dark-skinned, slouching, the women thickly built, hatless, with incredibly large families, that are always augmented by sundry grandmothers and mothers-in-law, all tremendously unlike our own peasantry, and all—poor exiles—desultory, listless, silent, heavy, not the salt of the earth by any means, but the dough that, I suppose, helps to give it a foundation.

* * *

With the middle-class refugees large families seem the rule, too—six, all with no more than a year between them, is a mere nothing. And they're not exactly frightfully attractive, either—Belgians aren't great on the beauty side, one gathers. They talk away hard, though, just like the French, only more gutturally going on for ever like the brook, especially the women and the children, who're generally very spoilt.

* * *



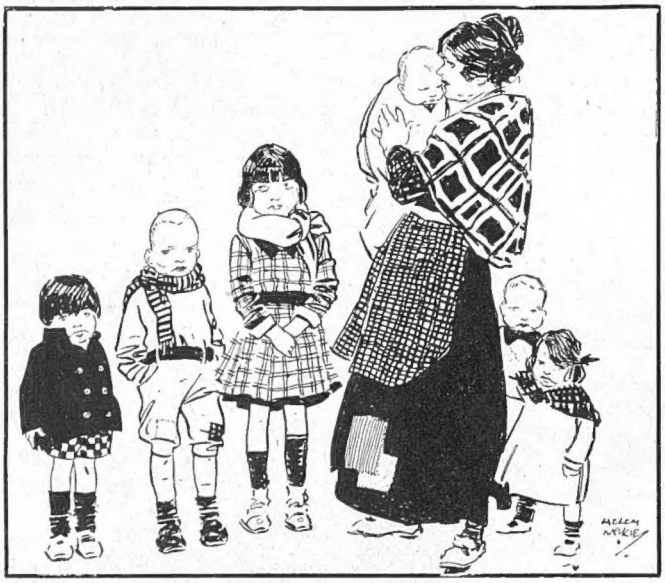
"The Belgian Officers' moustaches are the most aggressive I've ever seen in all my life"

In its dark green uniform, high black boots, and black gloves, the Belgian military isn't very ornamental either—but, then, it's useful, isn't it? And the moustaches of the officers in their boat-shaped tasselled caps are the thickest, bushiest, furriest, wiriest, most aggressive I've ever seen in all my life. The Kaiser's is a mere kitten's whiskers in comparison.

* * *

There were quite a lot of French people about, too—easily distinguishable from the Belgians. The women have *chic* and finer features, and none of that Belgian solidity that's so like the German, and the men with them are always very young or very old. Altogether you don't hear your mother-tongue more often than you want to on the Leas or on the Undercliff at Folkestone these days, and it's just about as much as your life's worth to try and get on to the harbour platform where the boats arrive from France and Holland and the trains rush off to London, though at other times you can kick your heels there indefinitely for the modest toll of tuppence.

* * *



"With the Belgian Refugees large families seem the rule—six, all with no more than a year between them, is nothing"

But one mustn't forget, of course, that the war has laid a heavier hand on these honoured exiles to our land than on us. War's so hellish when once you've really seen a real bit of it. As a wounded officer has put it, "If anyone speaks again in my hearing of the glories of war I shall be damned rude to him," and those men who are still waiting to go out, I notice, have a lightheartedness about them that those who've come back somehow lack. They're all brave, our men, and they've all, alive or dead, given themselves to their country. But some don't know yet all the horror and the frightfulness, and won't know till they've been there.

* * *

One I met home on forty-eight hours leave straight from what Tommy calls his "little wet home in the sewer," seemed obsessed by his experiences, which must all have seemed so big compared with the little things we do at home. He'd seen some pretty bad carnage, and he couldn't say enough, by the way, of the blessings of morphia. "Every officer ought to carry it," he said, "if not perhaps every man. For, quite apart from oneself, you never know how you might help some poor chap with it during that rather awful and sometimes lengthy time between when he's wounded and when the ambulance men get to him."

* * *

That fraternising one hears tales of between our troops and the enemy hadn't come within this particular officer's experience. "But the Germans hardly ever pot at us at night now," he said, "and the great difficulty is to keep the men awake. They fall asleep and stay asleep just as if they were comfortably in bed at home instead of uncomfortably in the trenches."

* * *

Hostile aeroplanes being not uncommon features of life on the coast nowadays—*how* high they fly and *how* calmly people take them—it wasn't a great grief to us to be once more settled down in this much darkened centre of the universe, London. It's darker than ever now, but in a way more appealing and attractive than ever, I think. We're trying so hard to keep our spirits up, and just as the war seems to have had a reforming effect on our criminals (or is that accounted for by the departure of the Teutonic alien?) so it has on our amusements, it seems to me.

* * *

Decadence has not survived *Der Tag*, and if we're amusing ourselves it's in simpler, more genuine fashion, resolved and restrained, with Effort and Fortitude for watchwords. We're getting our pleasures from ourselves and each other, and, as I say, it's rather nice. A little self-centred, perhaps, and very British—but, after all, that's not such a disadvantage, is it? If things are quieter they're more dignified, and dignity and simplicity suit our national character best, after all. When such fundamental things are happening one wants to be fundamental too, don't you think so, and cut out the frills?

Yours ever, BLANCHE

STOP THE HATRED!

A FORM OF WARFARE IN WHICH WE CANNOT COMPETE

BY "DOWNWRITER"

QUITE as a coincidence with, and not as a consequence of, anything written in these obscure columns, the attacks on civilians of which I complained in an article entitled "The Vulgarity of Voluntarism," have completely ceased. The newspapers have returned to their normal business, the publication of news (when obtainable), and refrain from inferring that every gentle reader not in khaki is, *ipso facto*, a coward and a skunk.

They are leaving to the Proper Person (Lord Kitchener) the job of calling men to the colours, as he needs them, and a newspaper is once again quite a safe thing for a civilian to take between his fingers. A blast of cold common sense having blown down one absurdity, it is possible another will be equally effective. The stupidity I now beg to expose is the process of hate-mongering. One of the many things we do not want is to have spread among us any counterpart to the hatred of England which is said to exist in Germany.

We are filled with anger, no doubt, at such affairs as Scarborough, and desire our men, in their own particular way, to avenge it, as they tried to do at Cuxhaven. But directly that has been done, we have a way of forgiving and forgetting. We begin to look at the matter from the enemy standpoint, and are even inclined to find justifications for his conduct. If we cannot find any we are content to leave him to the tortures of his own conscience. We are a logical people, we British, and we have been taught that it is illogical to condemn a whole community. We can, and do, condemn individuals. We believe that Kaiser Wilhelm has been blood-guilty, both of the war itself and for the horrors of its conduct. But we do not hate the German people, the German soldiers, or the German sailors, whom we know to be disciplined out of all power to question the orders they are given.

We know that the war, as it has been explained to them by their heavily censored Press (and their pot-hunting Professors), is a sacred war of defence of the Fatherland against a horde of malicious enemies. They were told that Russia was after their blood, that France clamoured for revenge, that Britain treacherously lay in wait to stab them in the back at a moment convenient to herself. As a result, the German is fighting inordinately well, partly out of ingrained obedience, partly out of a genuine belief that his cause is a sacred one. We know that "ruthlessness" and "frightfulness" are a recognised part of the German war programme, and that in executing civilians, burning cities, destroying churches, etc., the German soldier and sailor are simply carrying out the commands of the All-Highest-second-to-God-only-and-never-to-be-disobeyed War Lord.

We do not hate the Germans. We do not wish to have to hate them. We are very bad haters, we English, as some people would say we are not very good lovers. We have our inclinations and our repugnances, and, having satisfied the first fine careless rapture of an amour or a quarrel, we like to settle down into an amorphous state. We "jog along" with the wife who was, in other days, for awhile, an object of passion. Contrariwise, we "jog along" with the person who, in earlier days, was the object of temporary enmity. We can neither sustain one extreme of passion nor the other. We are lovers of arrangement and compromise, whether in our politics, our religion, our affairs of heart, or of business. We like to jog along. Therefore, I say, it is of no use trying to get us to emulate the Germans and organise in our hearts a standing hatred.

You can make us fight the Germans, or anybody else, if you appeal sufficiently strongly to our patriotism and our moral sense. But you can't cure us of the habit of desiring to make allowances for the foe. We are at desperate pains to see things from his view-point: to discover, if we die in the attempt, some signs of decency or sportsmanship, which can enable us to claim him as of the same clay. Remember how we jollied the *Emden* and her captain, even though he destroyed the shipping of the southern seas, and how Captain Müller only escaped a public welcome in Sydney by the skin of his teeth.

Now, as we are utterly unable to reciprocate the hatred of the Germans, of what use is it to tempt us to a futile attempt so to do by exposing, for our daily provocation, examples of that hatred? Of what use is it to tell me that the *Cologne Gazette* says we are pirates, mercenaries, shopkeepers, traitors, bloodsuckers, cowards, bullies, tyrants, utterly unfit to live on the same planet as the heroes of Louvain, and of Scarborough? If the *Cologne Gazette* thinks that, that is what the *Cologne Gazette* thinks. One is sorry for the *Cologne Gazette*, but really very little interested. In war-time we are busy, and have little time to devote to the study of psychological curiosities. It is just as preposterous to fill columns of our English daily papers with these pitiful exhibitions of vicious imbecility as it would be to fill them with nonsense about the Sea Serpent or the Big Gooseberry.

Furthermore, we know that the German journalist is not even an imbecile on his own, but only the hireling of the Super-Imbeciles who sit in the Wilhelmstrasse, the persons who have had the control of the "diplomacy" which led Germany into actual war with one half of Europe and potential war with the

other. We know that the Super-Imbecile is only employing the Sub-Imbecile in a desperate attempt to divert public attention from the greater to the smaller imbecilities. We know here in England, perfectly well, that the inanities of the *Gazettes* are the result of official inoculation, and in no sense the expression of ideas coming from what occupies, in a German journalist, the place of the human mind.

No more is the German ink-slinger capable of forming an independent judgment of the issues of the war than is the German Professor. Each alike is the slave of the System. Both take their instructions from a scrap of paper: neither can evolve without reference thereto to an Idea of his very own. Indeed, a modern German going about the place saying something that he had really thought of himself would run the risk of being placed under restraint unless he were able to produce immediate evidence of the fact that he had got the Idea out of some recognised text-book. The German military machine calls forth all our strength and all our ingenuity, and we respect it. But the German literary hate-merchant is outside our understanding. We cannot do battle with him.

We do not hate the German. He may be hateful: some people think he is. But we are an undisciplined crowd, we English, and just because a person is hateful is no reason why we should hate him. Rather are we inclined to seek for something about him that is not hateful, as we might seek for the philosopher's stone, or the needle in the bundle of hay. We should like not to be put to the bother of hating seventy millions of people, quite a number of whom are bound to cross our path as we go about the earth, after the war is over, some of whom may—who knows?—have a few attractive qualities concealed beneath their forbidding exteriors. We know we shall have to sit in the vicinity of Germans; shall have to stay at the same hotels; sit in the same railway carriages and steamer saloons. We may even have to do business with Germans. We foresee that it will be an intolerable nuisance to have to hate people with whom one cannot hope to be for ever free from contact. Therefore, we should dearly like at least not to dislike them more than the war makes absolutely necessary.

Is it not clear, furthermore, that these Hate Explosions are just as much a part of the German plan of campaign as are Zeppelin bombs? Are not they intended to horrify us? Does not the German Government calculate that the reading of the threats against us will exercise just as scarifying an effect on our minds as the bursting of missiles of a materially dangerous character on our bodies? Can you not see the Super-Imbecile Chancellor hearing some priceless detonation of journalistic drivel exclaiming, "*Ach! Gut!* That is particularly irritating in its idiocy. Hurl it straight away into the columns of the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*." Why, then, does that organ—it is one nowadays—lend itself to these enemy machinations? I consider that for an editor to make a point of opening his columns to German hate-explosions is only a degree less reprehensible than for him to use his building as a sign to enemy aircraft. DOWNWRITER

Time's Changes!

STUDY OF A UNIONIST EDITOR TRYING TO FIND SOME NEW NICE THINGS TO SAY ABOUT MR. LLOYD GEORGE

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The Stage goes to the Dickens

"DAVID COPPERFIELD" AS A WAR-TIME DIVERSION

David Copperfield speaks a kind word to Martha Endell (Miss Mary Clare)

Mr. Owen Nares as David Copperfield

The production of "David Copperfield" at His Majesty's is appropriate to the season, since it is alleged that many of the admirers of Charles Dickens believe him to be the man who invented Christmas. The play is capitally acted and tastefully mounted, and should prove attractive to all who are shunning more boisterous forms of entertainment in war-time

The Winter of Their Discontent

Nothing disturbs the serenity of our handy men. The discomfort of being at sea in weather like this is all in the day's work. But the patrolling of the North Sea, important though it may be, is not exactly exciting work, and they would hail with delight work of a much warmer kind if it would only come their way

Nature Plays the Hun

A CULTURED DISPLAY OF FRIGHTFULNESS ON THE PART OF THE ELEMENTS

Photograph] BATTLESHIPS IN THE THICK OF IT IN THE NORTH SEA [*Sport and General*

Photograph] THE WRECKAGE OF THE RUINED HOUSES IN CLAPHAM PARK [*Central News*

Determined no longer to remain neutral, the Great Power called Nature intervened early last week with displays of positively Teutonic violence by land and sea. Attacks were made on the British Navy (without success); while on land almost as much damage was done to the homes of peaceful citizens as would have been done by a German raiding party. At Clapham houses were wrecked and lives taken. Precisely what Nature seeks to gain by her attempts to emulate the Germans is not apparent. If the intention is to stop the British from grumbling about the weather it will fail

BUSINESS AS USUAL—

DESPITE AIR RAIDS

BY DOUGLAS MACKENZIE

HUNGARY—Our Friendly Enemy

BUDAPEST FROM THE HEIGHTS OF MOUNT GELLERT
On the left is the statue of Bishop Gerhard, the first bishop of Hungary

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HER

THE explanation of the paradox at the top of this page is the present attitude of Hungary towards Great Britain.

When England declared war on Austria that country called upon Hungary to come to her aid, and she did—but how reluctantly! The dislike of the Hungarian for the Austrian is deep-seated, and there is no love lost between Hungary and Germany. On the contrary, a genuine feeling of friendship has long existed, and still exists, among Hungarians for the people of England. Hungary, however, being under the same Government as Austria, inevitably became involved in the great European conflict, but it is safe to assume that her sympathies are with the Allies.

The Magyars are justly proud of their magnificent capital, and a very short stay in Budapest is sufficient to convince one that here is a country with a history almost as old as England's, and a refinement of taste in the way of public buildings and monuments equal to any in Europe. The city is specially rich in elaborate statues of the great men of the past, a notable work being a colossal statue of Bishop Gerhard, the first Bishop of Hungary, which overlooks the Danube with its six bridges from the heights of Mount Gellert. During the war with the Turks in 1046 the Bishop was seized, placed in a cask studded with nails, and rolled down the precipitous side of the Mount into the river below.

Photographs MORAVIAN PEASANTS *Cutler*

Throughout Hungary agriculture is the chief pursuit of the masses. Immense quantities of melons, tomatoes, and cucumbers are grown, while thousands of tons of beetroots are annually manufactured into sugar.

Under normal conditions there is no poverty. In the villages every family owns a home—a one-storeyed, whitewashed structure with straw-thatched roof. The houses are detached and surrounded by high wooden fences, thus ensuring absolute privacy. The men are inveterate smokers, pipes with very long stems being universally used.

Mézokovèsd is at once the most prosperous and interesting village in Hungary. It is situated some 120 miles almost due east from Budapest in a flat, fertile country. Practically every family possesses a farm, and a home comfortably furnished. The walls of the rooms

TIMBER RAFTS FLOATING DOWN THE VÁG AT POSTYEN

A STREET CORNER IN SOROKSA

are decked with religious pictures and rows of patterned plates. An immense stove, for winter use, is seen in every farmhouse.

The costumes of Hungary are varied and picturesque. Mézokovèsd carries off the palm in this connection. A striking feature of the costume here is the long black apron, worn by young and old of both sexes, the lower part being richly decorated with designs in coloured wools. Boys and girls alike appear in long dresses—the former up to five or six years of age, when trousers made of flax and easily three feet wide at the foot are substituted. The women wear a shawl placed over the shoulders and across the chest. They do their hair up at back of the head and cover it with a small cone-shaped basket. When out shopping or visiting a shawl is twisted over the head in the manner shown in the accompanying photographs, giving the head a peculiarly elongated appearance. Short-sleeved blouses with stiff tucks at the shoulders, brilliantly ornamented with the aforementioned wools, are largely the fashion among the fair sex. On the contrary, the men wear absurdly long-sleeved shirts, the arms reaching from the shoulder almost to the ground. At its extremity the sleeve is very wide and liberally adorned with embroideries in red, blue, yellow, pink, and green silks or wools. A short waistcoat is donned, but no coat, making the long-sleeved shirt look all the more remarkable.

The most primitive life of Hungary is seen in the Alföld, or Lowlands, near Debreczen. Debreczen, by the way, is the third largest city. Within twenty-five miles thereof the vast Hortobágy Plain begins—a rich pasture-land 300 square miles in extent, where immense herds of cattle and hogs, flocks of sheep, and studs of horses, belonging to the citizens of Debreczen, are tended by an organised body of men, who live most of the year out on the plain, at lonely stations, the long day being spent in looking after the cattle. The men who take care of the horses are called *csikós*. They are wonderful horsemen, and can catch a horse at full gallop with their *panyvās*, or lassos. Often they ride bareback, but usually a very light saddle with stirrups, but no girths, is used.

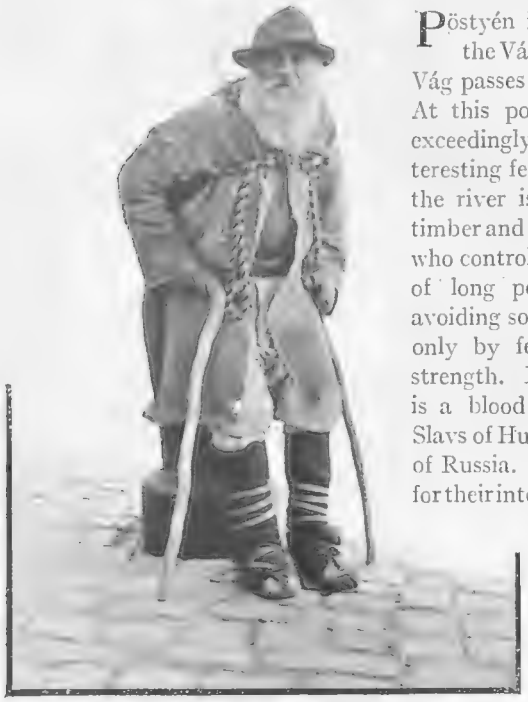
The shepherds are conspicuous in their huge overcoats of sheepskin. It is worthy of note at this time that the export of these overcoats, hitherto quite extensive, has been forbidden by the Government of Austria-Hungary, who are reserving the use of the coats for their troops.

Most travellers in Hungary visit the Vág Valley, in the Northern Highlands, famous for its ancient castles. The whole of the Vág Valley is populated by Slovaks, a very industrious and worthy community; thousands of them are employed in the vast beetroot fields seen hereabouts.

Photographs *Cutler*

"FINE FEATHERS" IN MÉZOKOVÈSD

If you pass through this district while the beets are being gathered you will see scores of crudely erected tripods dotting the fields. The Slovak mothers bring their babies with them when they come to work, and this is how they dispose of them during the day.



OLD SERVIAN BEGGAR ON THE EMBANKMENT AT BUDAPEST

Pöstyén is the chief town in the Vág Valley. The River Vág passes through the town. At this point the current is exceedingly strong, and an interesting feature of the life of the river is rafts loaded with timber and handled by Slovaks, who control the craft by means of long pole-like oars, often avoiding some snag in the river only by feats of prodigious strength. It is said that there is a blood link between the Slavs of Hungary and the Slavs of Russia. This would account for their intense aversion to take up arms against that nation. Like the Magyars, they yearn for the restoration of peace and the permanent triumph of right over might.

PEASANT-WOMAN OF MÉZOKOVÈSD WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER

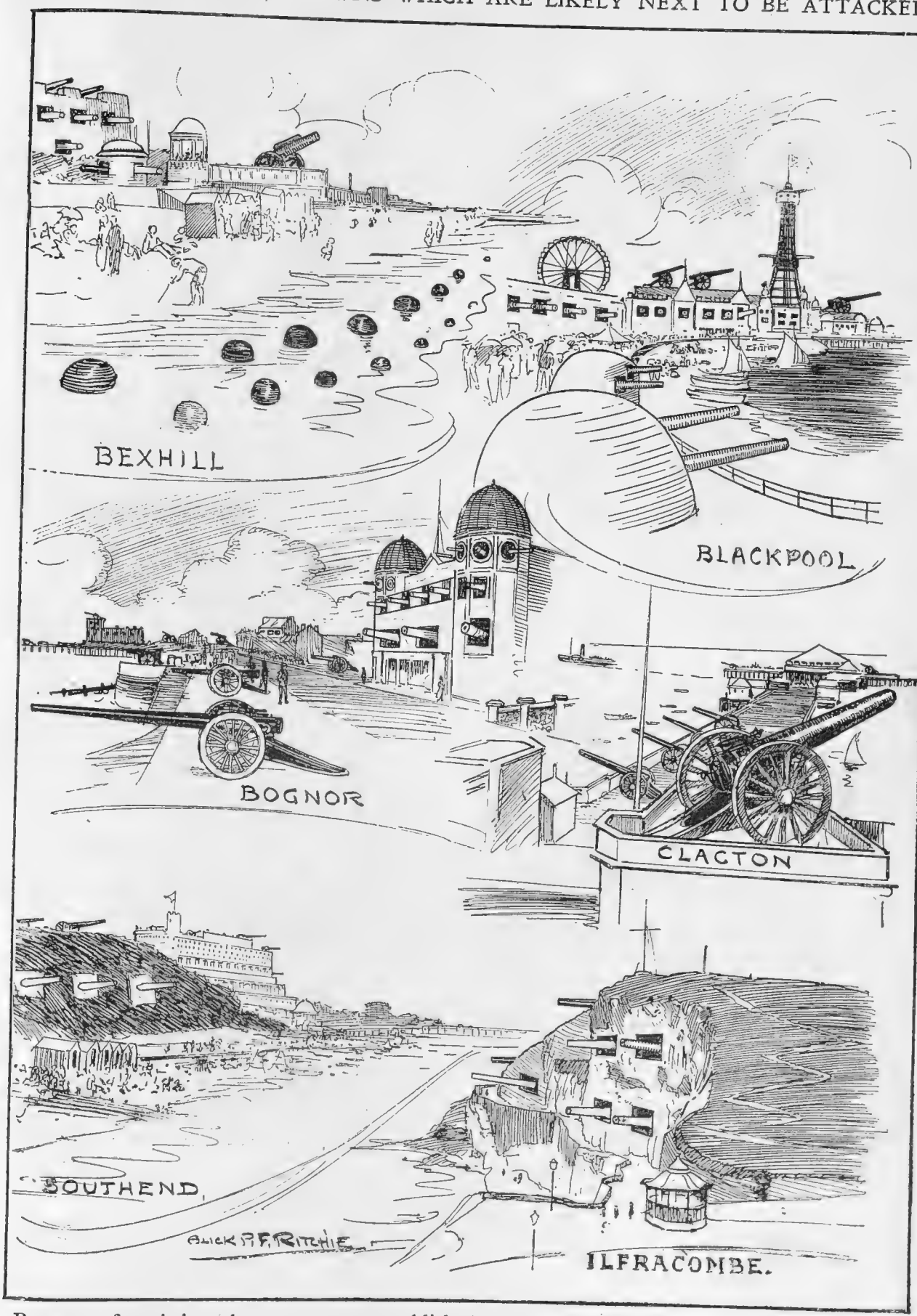
Photographs *Cutler*

CSEJTHE—A HUNGARIAN CASTLE WITH A GRUESOME PAST

This old castle in the Vág Valley was once occupied (about the year 1624) by a Countess renowned for her beauty, Elizabeth Bathory by name, who lived here alone with two servants, an aged man and woman. Being desirous of retaining her beauty, she devised a peculiarly diabolical scheme to that end. In one way and another young girls were lured to the castle, and there taken to the cellar where, in a state of nature, they were compelled to walk towards the figure of a large doll. This, in fact, was nothing more than an infernal machine, which the victim herself set in motion unwittingly by treading upon a spring concealed in the floor. In a trice the unfortunate girl was cut to pieces by knives, the blood from the body being conducted by small channels to a bath near by, in which Elizabeth bathed, thinking thus to preserve her beauty! These atrocities went on for ten years before they came to light, and six hundred girls are said to have lost their lives in this manner. Quite justly, the Countess herself came to a dreadful end, being imprisoned in one of the rooms of the castle, where she was slowly starved to death

A Few Hints for the Enemy

"FORTIFIED" COAST TOWNS WHICH ARE LIKELY NEXT TO BE ATTACKED



By way of assisting the enemy, we publish some sketches of a few other well-known "fortified" towns on the coast, as they are familiar to every holiday-maker

The Mixture As Before

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS IN WAR-TIME

BY "JINGLE"

UNDER normal conditions London is very liberally supplied with entertainments at this season of the year, and, to judge from my recent experiences, London has decided at the present time to be as normal as ever, if not more so. Theatrical managers seem to have conspired together in their resolve to make preparations for Business as Usual, and the result of the simultaneous hatching of so many plots is that London is now provided with a perfect orgy of entertainments to suit all tastes. There is, to begin with, the "beautified" *Sleeping Beauty* at Drury Lane, which is quite a delightful entertainment. I had the advantage of being present at the dress rehearsal of this production, to which Mr. Arthur Collins had invited some eight hundred of our wounded, straight from the front, by way of various hospitals. The sight of these fine fellows with their bandages and slings and crutches was an unforgettable one to me. Equally unforgettable was the wild enthusiasm with which they sang (and sang well) the indispensable "Tipperary" duly turned on by the orchestra, to say nothing of the valiant efforts they made, often in spite of the protests of their accompanying nurses, to struggle to their feet in order to join in the singing of the National Anthem. And when in the moment of silence that preceded the rising of the curtain, a big Scotsman, whose features were mostly concealed by lint and cotton-wool, inquired in stentorian tones if we were downhear-r-rted, the right answer came back with a roar that nearly lifted the roof. It was a great occasion.

THE VERSATILE ROBERT HALE AS A PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE ALHAMBRA

FOR those who have unhappily no inclination for the boisterous fun of pantomime this year, Sir Herbert Tree has provided an ideal entertainment with his production of *David Copperfield* at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Louis N. Parker, who has made the book into a play, has done his work with gratifying delicacy and skill, and the result is an entertainment that is charming to a degree. Sir Herbert Tree doubles the parts of Peggotty and Micawber, but it is as the latter character that he scores his triumph. The Dickens atmosphere has been preserved with gratifying success, and the production is one that the admirers of the great novelist, whose name is legion, should welcome enthusiastically. Sir Herbert Tree has gathered round him a distinguished company of players who do their work extremely well, and in one or two instances with quite conspicuous merit. Mr. Owen Nares is almost perfect as David Copperfield, and Miss Jessie Winter is an ideal Little Em'ly; while the Mrs. Micawber of Miss Sydney Fairbrother is a gem of restrained but convincing drollery.

FOR those who lean to the martial spirit on the stage, there is at the moment an exceptional opportunity of seeing the glittering side of war in Mr. F. R. Benson's splendid revival of *King Henry the Fifth*. As most people are aware, this is one of the most warlike productions of the late Bard of Avon, and in Mr. Benson's hands it is not only amusing, but instructive as well. At the same time, of course, it is war on its picturesque side exclusively. A friend recently back from the front said to me the other day that if ever he heard anyone talking about the picturesqueness of warfare he should in future feel like replying in the traditional vocabulary of the trooper. We have it on the authority of the gentle Uncle Toby that our armies swore terribly in Flanders a hundred years ago. And there are those who say that history repeats itself.

AN excellent entertainment for the children is Mr. Bannister Howard's pantomime of *Cinderella* at the Aldwych Theatre. It is just that happy combination of fun and fancy that is so dear to the juvenile mind, and will doubtless receive the generous support it deserves. Another very fine outburst of loveliness and laughter is the pantomime of *Aladdin* at the London Opera House, which is likely to prove very popular if the present brave show of interest in public entertainments is maintained. And for those who do not see enough humour in pantomime there is the wildly hilarious burlesque of *Robinson Crusoe* at the Alhambra, with Mr. Robert Hale as the more or less fascinating "principal boy," an exquisite caricature cleverly conceived and delightfully carried out.

JINGLE

Sir Herbert Tree, who himself doubles with distinction the parts of Peggotty and Micawber, has gathered round him for this unique dramatisation of one of the best of Dickens' works a distinguished company of players who do their work extremely well and in one or two instances with quite conspicuous merit

Fire Away, Germans!

THE IMPERTURBABLE LONGSHOREMAN OF SCARBOROUGH

This illustration, drawn by our artist from the description of an eye-witness, depicts an incident which actually occurred during the bombardment of Scarborough. When it began, a certain longshoreman, who is a well-known local "character," happened to be standing on a jetty. Undismayed by the shells which flew screaming overhead, he refused to evacuate his post, and remained there till the bombardment ended, pacing furiously up and down the jetty, shaking his fists and hurling imprecations at the hostile ships as he chewed a long cigar

BY ALFRED LEETE

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Case of Fräulein Rehfuss

A Tale of Espionage

BY

NINA TOYE

FRÄULEIN REHFUSS remains in my memory as a dun sphinx. The light of recent events has shown me her importance. Behind her, throwing her into, perhaps, exaggerated relief, is the System of which she was the symbol and the tool.

I met her the summer of 1912. I was on furlough, and was visiting my old friend "Chips" at S——s, where his father, Colonel Y, was stationed. We motored down together, Chips and I, arriving at teatime. The table was spread under a tree at the side of the tennis-court. I remember Chips asking for his sisters and his mother's answer.

"Fräulein took them in to tidy themselves. She is so good—the best governess I've ever had. I don't know why we call her Fräulein; she prefers Mademoiselle, but she seems so much more German than French it doesn't come natural."

"Isn't she French?" asked Chips idly. "I thought you wrote me you were getting a French governess this time."

Mrs. Y's continual succession of governesses was a family joke.

"She's Alsatian—it's the same thing, she says. Her sympathies are all French. She hates the Germans. Poor thing, her father was murdered by the Prussians, and her only brother is serving his time as a conscript. She simply adores him—spends all her spare time writing to him and knitting him things."

She broke off. The girls with Fräulein behind them were approaching from the house. They had grown in the two years since I had seen them—Guen must be sixteen now and Ruby fourteen. At sight of us they broke into a run. We were instantly overwhelmed by a whirlwind of waving arms and joyful shouts.

"For heaven's sake don't flap," said Chips, pushing them into chairs.

Fräulein followed sedately, acknowledged introductions with shy nods and downcast eyes. She was in the early thirties, I thought. A small thin figure with astonishingly prominent bones, drab hair, sallow skin, bright, colourless eyes. I smiled, recalling the anxiety roused in Mrs. Y.'s maternal bosom by Chips' attentions to a former incumbent. Governesses, Mrs. Y. had said at the time, had no business to be young and pretty and minxes into the bargain.

During the noisy tea that followed Fräulein kept modestly out of the conversation. As a matter of fact, she hardly opened her mouth, but, though I could never catch her eye on me, I was aware of her close scrutiny. Also, I knew that she was listening. In spite of her detached air I was sure that not a word escaped her.

We were very quiet at "The Pines." Fräulein and her charges lunched and dined with us. As was but natural, since we were all Army or Navy men, the conversation was, for the most part, shop. A German invasion of England was the favourite topic, and over and over again we worked through every detail of offence and defence.

I remember one occasion in particular. It was in the drawing-room after dinner, a close night and all the windows were open. We came from the dining-room, hotly discussing the East Coast defences. Mrs. Y. and the girls were making music, and we stopped at the other end of the room near the corner where Fräulein sat with her knitting. She never looked up or gave any sign of attention. Her eyes were bent on her work. I can see her flying fingers now—never, I think, have I seen anyone knit so fast. All my boyhood I had seen my mother and grandmother knit. Fräulein worked differently—she held her thread and needles in an unfamiliar way. I registered the impression as one does a fact of no importance.

At ten o'clock the butler entered with the whisky-and-soda. Mrs. Y. rose from the piano and signalled to Fräulein. It seemed to me that the woman frowned with annoyance, but the change of expression was so fleeting that I may have been mistaken. She answered respectfully, and herded her unwilling charges to bed.

"You may think it odd for her to sit in the drawing-room," said Mrs. Y. to me as I filled my glass, "but I am sorry for the poor thing. She's so unhappy and lonely, and the schoolroom is so stuffy—like an oven, this weather. Besides, the influence of a happy English home life. . . ."

We went on talking—coast defences again. I remember that Major B., in support of his argument (he was, we considered, something of a scaremonger), drew a number of sketches on a sheet of paper. He demonstrated to his own satisfaction the weakness of certain batteries and the criminal neglect of various points of vantage. Finally, in a fit of temper, he crushed the paper and flung it into the waste-paper basket.

"You may say what you like," he cried, "if the Germans choose to land at —— they have us, and they will."

It was late when we separated. My hosts went up, but before going to bed I strolled into the garden for a last pipe. Major B. had impressed me more than I cared to admit. As I stepped out of the open French window I saw a dark form huddled on the projecting sill against the wall. It was Fräulein, still with her knitting. She looked up at me and smiled.

"It was so hot I could not sleep, so I came down."

Her presence there struck me as odd.

"You haven't chosen a very comfortable seat," I remarked.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"No," she answered, rising. "But it is near the house and the lights. Don't laugh at me, I am afraid of the dark. All my life I have been afraid of the dark—and trees. I hate their whisperings at night. I have never got over it." She shuddered and laughed apologetically. "Don't tell anyone, please. I don't want Mrs. Y. to think me a fool, or mad. I should lose my place. They are kind to me here. Some people are so dreadful, so cruel. They seem to think a governess isn't made of flesh and blood."

My vague suspicion faded. What could there be to fear from this unobtrusive little creature, so timid that she shrank from the dark and the friendly trees of the garden? Her very ugliness made her pathetic. Governesses did have a beastly time of it. She said "good night," holding out a bony little hand, and slipped silently into the drawing-room. I walked slowly to the turn of the path. Through a gap in the shrubbery the lighted windows were clearly visible. Fräulein had not left the drawing-room. I could see her standing between the writing-table and the piano, smoothing out a large sheet of paper in her hands. I strode back and came upon her ordering the music on the rack.

"They are dear girls," she said, "but so untidy. Are you coming in now? You have had enough of the garden?" I nodded. "Then will you be good enough to shut the windows?"

I obeyed, making it my business to pass the writing-table. A large sheet of paper crumpled into a ball lay in the basket. Really, this suspicious mania was absurd. We put out the lights and left the room.

I woke early the next morning with the feeling of neglected duty. Why had I not examined that paper, made sure that it was the one B. had thrown down? It was surely an elementary precaution . . . why had Fräulein Rehfuss's sad eyes and simple confidence made me ashamed to act? I flung a dressing-gown over my pyjamas and crept down to the drawing-room. Too late; the housemaid had already emptied the basket and burnt the contents. Oh, yes, she had seen a piece of paper with scribbles on it. Reassured and thoroughly ashamed of myself, I returned to my room. Crossing the landing I met Fräulein Rehfuss dressed for the street. In her hand were a couple of letters. She drew aside to let me pass, and greeted me pleasantly. Did she always post her letters herself? As though reading my silent inquiry, she said quite simply:

"I always get up early. It is the only part of the day that really belongs to me. I have an errand this morning."

She was not at all perturbed, at least not on the surface, but under her calm usual manner I divined a sort of moral breathlessness. She glanced to the foot of the stairs, the open drawing-room door, smiled, gave a jerky little curtsey, and was gone.

We met again at breakfast. It was Mrs. Y.'s birthday. No one, it seemed, had remembered the date, but Fräulein. A bunch of flowers with a card bearing her name and somewhat fulsome wishes in excellent French lay on Mrs. Y.'s plate.

"Dear Fräulein!" exclaimed Mrs. Y. "How kind of you!" She turned to me. "Fräulein notices everything, and never forgets anything. It is really wonderful. I can't think how she does it."

I thought that Fräulein looked confused, but certainly Mrs. Y.'s lavish praise was quite enough to embarrass a modest person. Why was it that the little demon of suspicion, refused to be lulled in me? I looked at Fräulein. The sleek mouse-coloured head was bowed humbly over her plate.

Later in the day I came upon Guen, alone and disconsolate in the garden. Chips and his mother had run up to town. Fräulein and Ruby had gone bathing. Guen, I learned, was doing penance for the loss of her geometry paper, the task set for the day.

"Of course, I know I'm careless," said Guen angrily, "but I did it, and it's mean of Fräulein not to let me go. I did the beastly thing yesterday, in the drawing-room—the schoolroom's awful, this weather. I suppose I must have left it about somewhere and it's got thrown away. Just my rotten luck."

"Could it have got among the sheet-music?" I suggested. Guen shook her head. She had looked all through it twice.

"I don't care what anybody says," she went on, "I don't like Fräulein. She's kind enough—in spots—but she's always trying to make us talk—to improve her English, she says, and she speaks as well as I do. She's always listening, too. Oh, not at doors—at least, I've never caught her out. You know the schoolroom's just over father's study, and when the windows are open you can hear every word. Well, everytime anybody comes to see father and they are in the study, no matter what we are doing, Fräulein goes and sits at the window with her knitting—that eternal knitting gets on my nerves. I think she's a blackmailer. I've told father, and I've told mother, but it's no sort of use. They just laugh at me. Now I daresay I must get on with this putrid job. Why on earth didn't Euclid die of the measles when he was little!"

Guen's disclosures made me anxious to see more of Fräulein, but until the very end of my visit I found no opportunity for conversation alone with her. It was not that she avoided me, so far as I could see. Her manner towards me was perfect, unobtrusively friendly and pleasant, but she managed in some intangible way to keep me at arm's length. We were never alone together until the afternoon before my departure.

The others were out, walking, I believe. Fräulein gave me my tea under the trees by the tennis-court. How it came about I do not know, but presently I found myself talking, as one does to a new and sympathetic friend. A naval man's life is a lonely one, and mine was doubly so, since I had no near relations and but few friends. I found this drab little woman extraordinarily receptive. Her questions were intelligent, strangely so, I suddenly realised.

"You seem to be unusually interested in the Service," I said, pulling myself up.

"Isn't it natural?" she answered, quietly. "My brother is in the army—German army—I have a cousin in the navy. It is horrible, having to serve a country you hate, but having them there makes me take an interest in the life. After all, it's the same in all countries. My brother is the only person in the world whom I really love," she went on hurriedly, and her eyes filmed over. "He is all I have."

"So you knit for him," said I, taking up the unfinished sock which she had put down. It was an odd piece of work, the performance, one would have said, of a beginner. The stitches ran in a curious sort

(Continued on page 28)

Study in Still Life

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

(Continued from page 26)

of pattern, without regularity. Fräulein snatched it out of my hand. Her face was crimson.

"I knit so badly," she said in apology; "I hate anyone to look at it. Fortunately Kuno doesn't mind—and at least my things keep him warm." She stood up. "I must go now, I am upset. Not often do I let myself go as this afternoon. I am often lonely, how lonely no one knows."

Before I could say anything she was running towards the house.

I spent an uncomfortable night. Should I tell the Y.'s of my misgivings? I had nothing to go upon save the most shadowy suspicions and a chain of petty coincidence. In the end I left without speaking. My next visit to "The Pines" found Fräulein's place occupied by a ruddy Swiss damsel of bovine complacency.

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Y., in answer to my question. "It is so sad. She was called away, just after you went, to nurse her brother. He was suddenly taken ill. I have never heard from her since. I think she might have written. We were all so fond of her."

I congratulated myself on my silence. Since she had gone my object was attained without taking upon myself unwelcome responsibility. Fräulein Rehfuss slipped from my mind. It was not until two years later that I had occasion to recall her.

I was at Aldershot, a member of the Naval Aviation Corps. It was a Saturday evening, and several of us were dining at The Queen's. The hotel was crowded, and we had some difficulty in finding places in the lounge for coffee. I was sitting with my back to the room. A clamour of shop filled the air. Towards the end of the evening the people thinned out, and I changed my place. Presently I noticed a lady seated near us—so near that her chair all but made a part of our group. Even through the din of conversation she must have heard all we said. She was knitting faster than anyone I had ever seen except—Fräulein Rehfuss! But it could not be she; this woman must be sixty at least. A mass of silvery white hair framed her thin, sallow face; gold-rimmed spectacles slightly smoked concealed the eyes. Her dress was rich and quiet and well-cut to a generously rounded figure.

In spite of all, the resemblance was startling, but surely it could not be the same woman! Presently she moved, annoyed, no doubt, by my scrutiny, and hitched her chair round so that her face was hidden. There is something about a back, the carriage of the head, which betrays identity more surely than any feature. Seeing the woman's back, I was more than ever persuaded that she was Fräulein Rehfuss. To set my mind at rest I inquired at the office.

"That lady," said the clerk, "oh, that's Mrs. Smedley. She's been here a week, waiting to see her son, Kitchener's Army, but he hasn't got here yet."

Could I be mistaken? I turned and found myself face to face with the object of my suspicion. She looked me in the eyes, scornfully, and with a touch of haughtiness—quite natural, supposing she were Mrs. Smedley and had overheard my indiscretion. As I moved off I heard her say that she wished to send a wire. The timbre of her voice and her peculiar accent struck me afresh. Frankly, I was in a quandary.

I went back to my quarters more uncomfortable than I have ever been, before or since. All night long I argued out the case. A wig is the simplest and easiest disguise possible, smoked glasses are a classic device, likewise padding. Before going on duty in the morning I rushed down to the hotel. Mrs. Smedley had gone, called away by a telegram. The clerk had seen it, for Mrs. Smedley left it open on the desk. Her son had got a commission, and she was to meet him in Town.

That is the last I have seen of Fräulein Rehfuss—supposing that she and Mrs. Smedley were one and the same. She remains fixed in my mind, an elusive, sinister figure, knitting with nimble fingers the betrayal of the Empire.

Her knitting. . . . Only a fortnight ago I had the clue to that. My knowledge of German was used in the case of a spy caught red-handed in the aviation shed. Seeing that he was lost, that he could expect no help from his employers, he made a clean breast to me. From him I learnt many interesting things concerning his Secret Service. Among them he told me of the knitting code—a sort of Morse. By this means socks and mufflers constituted documents easily deciphered, a sure and unsuspected means of conveying information of importance. "We have many women agents who use the code, but one is above all others, so intelligent, so quick, so accurate! She can take down a conversation like shorthand. Himmel, she is a wonder!"

NINA TOYE

NOT TO THE MANNER BORN

NERVOUS "SPECIAL" (*at four cross roads*): "Doesn't seem as if I could quite get the professional manner"

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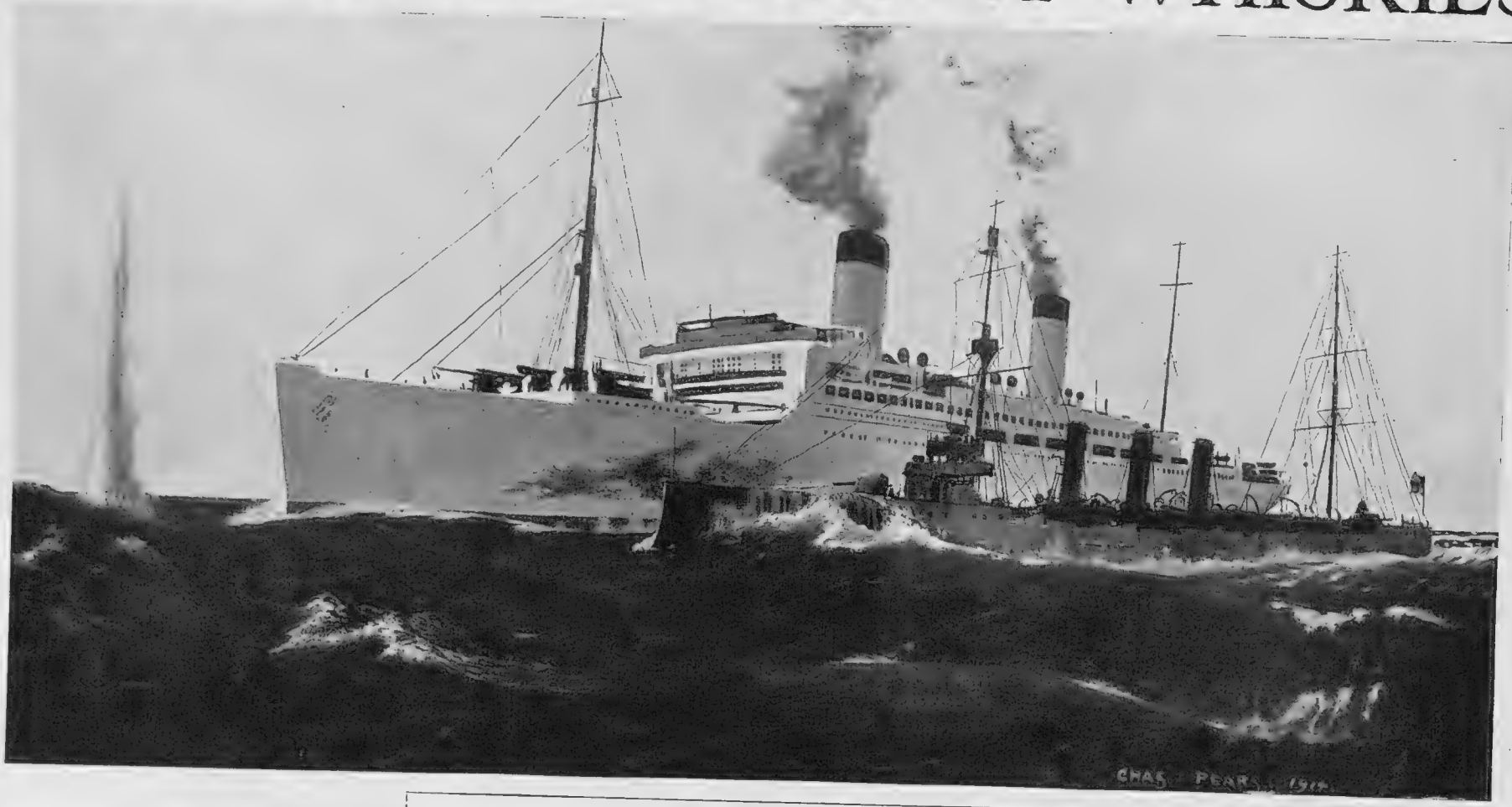

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New Books of the New Year

A WOMAN'S TRAVELS AND A PRINCESS'S MEMOIRS

China the Mysterious

Japan is our ally, but what of China? We hear of the usual German propaganda in Peking and elsewhere, and now the one German stronghold in the Far East is no more. There are people who believe in the Yellow Peril, and scholars can generally show that all our Western inventions and discoveries were known in China thousands of years ago. To the European there can hardly be a more mysterious country than this new Republic, and it was surely the last country in the world where one could have expected a Republic to flourish. Possibly there will be further dynastic changes. With China one never knows. The dragon is a mysterious beast—fit symbol for this oldest of all civilised lands.

"A Woman in China"

And so, of course, it was only to be expected that sooner or later Mary Gaunt would go there. A woman who delights in journeying by herself through West Africa and other uncomfortable places could not possibly have been kept out of China. She went there (by way of Siberia) two years ago, and now publishes her book. I am not generally in favour of such books, but Mary Gaunt is an exception. *A Woman in China* (Laurie: 15*s.* net) is a fit companion to the African volume. It is not, of course, possible really to know a people after a few months' sojourn in its midst, even, as in Mary Gaunt's case, when the beaten tracks are left well alone; but as a personal record *A Woman in China* has many claims to consideration. It is extremely interesting. It is informative, and it is written by a woman in a womanly way.

The Chinese Way

A humorous sense of aloofness permeates the chapters. The Chinese have their own way of doing things. "I have," wrote a Chinese station-master to his immediate superior, "with many tears, to call your attention to your driver, Chow, who holds urgent speed in high disdain." The Chinaman's idea of a Western dance is picturesque. "The men dressed for dinner, then the order was given and the women stripped, and each man seized a woman in his arms. He pushed her back, he whirled her round, and she had no will of her own. And it was all done to horrible music." Of good stories, indeed, there are many, and the book is admirably illustrated by photographs.

"Step This Way"

"A telegram from Munich states that it has been decided to perform an operation on the Kaiser's throat"

LA BELLE FRANCE WILL BE DELIGHTED TO OBLIGE

High Society

In *Memories of Forty Years* (Cassell: 16*s.* net) Princess Catherine Radziwill gathers together her recollections of the various people with whom she has come into contact during a life rather more varied and picturesque than falls to the lot of most of us. Related to many high personages, she has had the entry to all the European Courts, and has even been intimate with the All-Highest in Germany. To the English reader many of the great names here mentioned will be unfamiliar, but very few of them lack a title of some kind, and that always mean so much to some of the library patrons. The Princess is not particularly indiscreet, which in a Princess publishing a book is rather curious nowadays; true, there are one or two little "digs," but on the other hand, there are some very shrewd pen-pictures of celebrities. The work is quite readable.

"Colour"

The war on Germany's trade reminds one that for years German colour-printing has easily taken the lead. But a glance at the first four numbers of *Colour* (1*s.* monthly) is enough to show that we can beat the enemy in this craft as in others. *Colour* is superbly done, and it is to be hoped that the all-absorbing war will not prevent the production from obtaining the wide success it deserves.

R. S.

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When buying Worcestershire Sauce, always look for the *signature in White*

Lea & Perrins

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Motoring Affairs of the New Year

BY
ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Steeling Ourselves

VERILY we are a great people. The motor-car manufacturer complains that it is either impossible to obtain certain steels from the British steel firms, or that the steel firms are impossible people to get along with. The car manufacturer, therefore, has to go to foreign countries for various component parts of his vehicle. On his side the steel manufacturer says the complaint against him is largely not justified by the facts, and blames the car manufacturer for not supporting British industry, claiming that the motor merchant does not always seem to know what he wants. Whereat the motor man retorts that if the steel-mongers' travellers were intelligent men and knew more about the business they were engaged upon, there would be some balm in Gilead. Finally, it is jointly agreed that one of the first essentials is to reduce the number of steels in use, and to standardise some of them for particular purposes.

***

On Seizing Opportunities

Here, therefore, is the stupendously giddy position, a position of extreme interest for the private motorist concerned with the *minutiæ* of his car We have been depending upon Belgium and Germany for a number of car components, not because the British steel manufacturer cannot produce the article required, but because neither he nor the motor manufacturer has decided upon the steels to be used. Suddenly comes the war, foreign supplies of indispensable parts are cut off untimely, and the car-maker is left high and dry. Now to the slogan of "capture German trade" we set out to discover what apparently Germany has known all along, with a view to arriving at an agreement concerning the best steels for purposes which have been met quite satisfactorily by Belgium and Germany for years! We will take the foreign practice holus-bolus, but we must discuss theories at great length before we can decide upon our own practice. It seems that if we hurry, we shall make our decision about the time the war ends. That will enable us to start off to "capture German trade," just when Germany is ready to start off again. To the commercially minded this may seem a shameful waste of opportunity; but to the sportsman it has the merit that it maintains the best British traditions!

An Aerial Note

I pass the Hendon Aerodrome every week, and every week get a comforting ocular demonstration that there is likely to be no gaps in the ranks of the flying men at the front for lack of a reserve of capable pilots. I do not know how many qualify every week at Hendon alone, but it is a rare day that does not show me three or four machines up, and one or two rolling—given anything like decent weather. You can always rely upon more flying on any working day now than it was possible to see, except on gala days, before the war. I am told, also, that the new material is in every way capable of maintaining the splendid reputation established by both wings of the flying service in commission—a reputation greatly enhanced on the naval side by the Cuxhaven raid. Honours are now about even. The waterplane exponents have had to wait for the chance to level up achievements with the R.F.C.; but they did it in no uncertain fashion. Incidentally, that raid helped to give us a little more of the measure of the Zeppelin "menace." All the anticipations of the comparative futility of the dirigible in which I have ventured to indulge in these columns since Germany first set out to scare the world and stimulate the military spirit of her own people with Zeppelin demonstrations (under cover of which she was making haste to build up a powerful fleet of aeroplanes) have so far been realised. I am not venturing the prophecy that Zeppelins will never get across the North Sea; but I do not mind giving good odds they will never get back again. All I sincerely hope is that they will not be brought down over London or any other town; because if they drop with any violence with their cargo of explosives aboard, there will certainly be an almighty smash. Therefore, in that day, take heed of the official warnings to get down and get under. "To your cellars, O Israel!"

***

Things That Matter

After ten years as managing director of the Sunbeam Company, considerations of health have obliged Mr. T. Cureton to cut out the managing part of his title and to take things easier as a director. The magnificent achievements of the Sunbeam Company and car have, in no small measure, been the product of the work of Mr. Cureton.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

AFTER THREE WEEKS OF IT

Ruins at Ypres photographed by an enterprising motorist at the Front

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 579.—Vol. XLV. Wednesday, January 6, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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£2,700.—**CHICHESTER.**—Charming old-fashioned MANOR HOUSE: 10 bedrooms, bathroom; garage. 1½ acres. (7,691)

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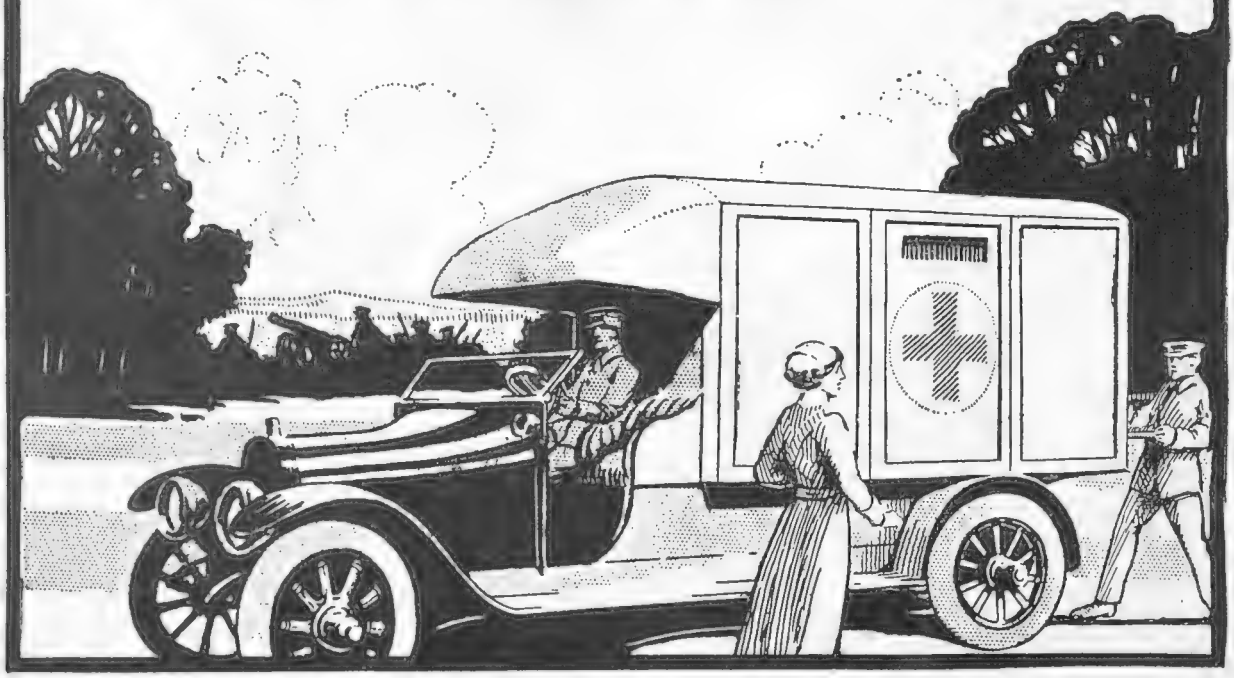

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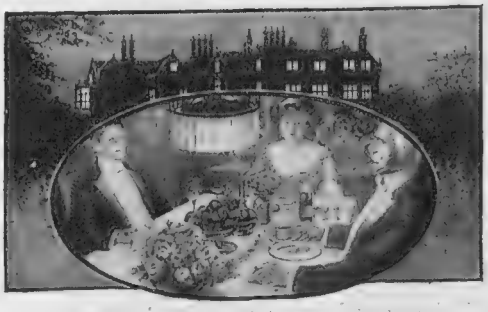

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Sale-Time in Shopping-Land

BY MRS. JACK MAY

"Thousands of Remnants"

THIS announcement has an alluring sound about it, and will doubtless serve to prick up many ears. It emanates from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, in connection with their sale, which will continue throughout January. Although something of a side issue, this offer of thousands of remnants bears directly on the moment, comprising, as it does, shirting flannels left over from the large army shirt contracts, which will be cleared in lengths of 1 to 1½ yards at charity prices. In other and larger respects D. H. Evans's January sale will follow its usual course, models being marked down to less than cost, and other things in like proportion. Millinery invariably supplies an irresistible feature here, the smartest and latest black velvet shapes going this season at 10*s.* 11*d.*, a particularly *chic tricorne* of black velvet adorned with ribbon *cocarde* and feather fantasy carrying the remarkable sale price of 12*s.* 9*d.*, while the firm's original velour beavers have dropped to 10*s.*

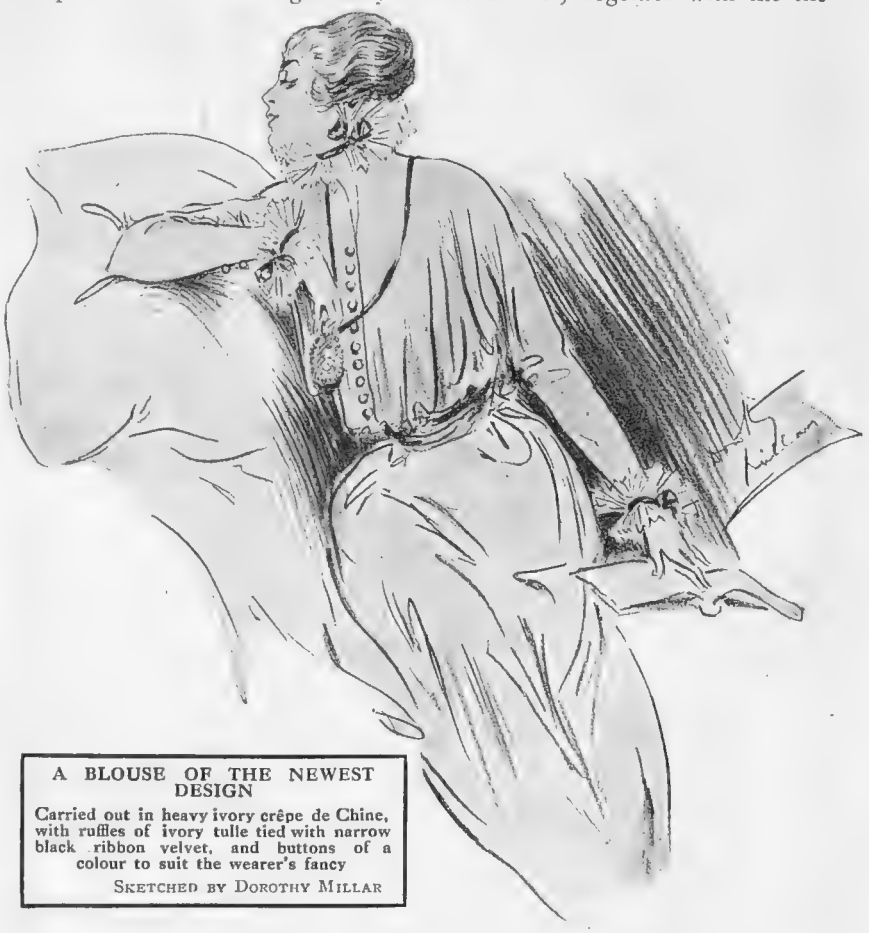
Bargains in Blouses

For all and every sort of occasion, and at prices to suit all purses, briefly describes the blouse story at this admirable sale. Is it some practical little shirt that is required of figured delaine? Well, the ideal model is forthcoming, well cut, with Raglan sleeves, well finished, and only 5*s.* 11½*d.*, or for 3*s.* 9½*d.* you can have a neat white lawn slip, pin tucked back and front, with high collar, a fancy running through all sizes from 13-inch neck to outsize—a fact that is significant enough of its popularity. Then there are the daintiest *ninon* confections from 8*s.* 11½*d.*, a notably attractive example at 12*s.* 9*d.* having tucks and hemstitching, with picturesque revers collar of white *crêpe de Chine*.

In the costume department there is a very embarrassment of riches, such as a smart afternoon gown of velveteen, the skirt showing the new rounded basque, while the bodice opens on a front and collar of striped velvet, reduced to the bagatelle price of 31*s.* 6*d.* And well worth knowing of is the "Badminton" ready-to-wear sports skirt with lap seams, and slightly gathered at the back under a stitched belt, obtainable in Scarboro' cheviot and homespun cheviot mixture, also in cream, navy, or black government serge at the one sale price of 12*s.* 11*d.* Nor should dress materials ever be ignored at one of D. H. Evans's sales, for the bargains in this quarter are truly stupendous, and every Friday the week's remnants will be sold at half the marked price. An illustrated sale catalogue can be had for the asking.

The Smartness of Simplicity

In the picture showing one of the most recent fancies in blouses there is, incidentally, revealed the pose of the woman of the moment. It is hopeless to try and dissect what constitutes the elements of this effect, but there it is. Maybe the neat little head has something to say in the matter, together with the tilt of the chin above the tempestuous ruffle. I must perforce leave off on the interrogative note. The blouse is of heavy ivory *crêpe de Chine* of the best and most expensive quality, with ruffles of ivory *tulle* tied with narrow black ribbon velvet and buttons of rose quartz, amber, turquoise, or whatever the wearer's fancy dictates.



A BLOUSE OF THE NEWEST DESIGN

Carried out in heavy ivory crêpe de Chine, with ruffles of ivory tulle tied with narrow black ribbon velvet, and buttons of a colour to suit the wearer's fancy

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Mecca for the Smart Woman

Renowned always for value and reliability, the old-established house of Harvey Nichols has stepped right up to the top rung of fashionable requirements. The past two years has proved their taste to be inimitable, and tongues have wagged busily over the remarkable choice of the very latest vogues to be found here. Having in company with their *confrères*, suffered under the unparalleled conditions of war, Harvey Nichols are in a position to offer bargains of a wholly

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Nineteen elegant design large Axminster bordered carpets from **3 gs.**; elegant design suite, comprising luxuriously sprung settee, with two lounge easy chairs and four occasional chairs, covered rich Paris silk tapestry, **£9 15s.**; very elegant Louis XIV. design china cabinet to match, **£6 15s.**; choice centre table, **21s.**; and Louis XIV. design overmantel, **35s.**; elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design suite of seven pieces, including settee, **12 gns.** complete; white enamelled French cabinets; Vernis Marten painted tables, escritoires, etc.; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, **£14 14s**; satinwood decorated centre table, **£2 10s.**; satinwood decorated overmantel, **£3 10s.**; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered choice brocade gobelin blue silk, **£16 16s.**

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ROWE'S SALE

OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL OUTFITS

is now proceeding and will continue **until January 16.**

Many unusual bargains.

Write for the "ROWE Bargain Book."

unparalleled character. They are determined to make a clean sweep, preparatory to laying in a fresh Spring consignment, and that this end may be achieved are inviting their clients to assist them by making reductions of a character that only the foolishly blind will be able to ignore. A particular feature are model gowns, many by renowned French *couturières*, one and all marked down to sums that are positively incredible. It is difficult, for example, to attach the sum of £7 to a beautiful and *récherché* dinner-gown by "Bernay." Originally sixty guineas, this creation is of black velvet, with an exquisite corsage garniture of white and grey *diamanté*. A "Callot" model, naturally of a covetable character, is represented by a three-piece costume in navy face-cloth, the skirt arranged in the latest *godet* manner and trimmed with frills of taffeta. Once fifty-five guineas, Harvey Nichols' sale price is 14½ guineas.

Again in evening-gowns the chances are supreme. A young girl on a small allowance should quickly seize upon such a chance as the "Shirley," the sweetest of dance frocks, carried out in primrose taffeta over a petticoat of lace flounces, the bodice entirely of lace, having the rounded *décolletage* punctuated with wee roses, only 69*s*. 6*d*. Or equally a bargain is an airy fairy thing of pale pink chiffon and cream lace arranged on a basis of ivory satin, reduced from 35 guineas to £5. Fur coats and sets, owing to the prevailing war conditions, are at the lowest possible ebb, the sale prices asked conveying no sort of an idea as to the actual value. While the furnishing fabric and carpet section of this emporium literally teems with tempting offers, among which come some fine quality Turkish-made carpets, very substantially reduced. Go, if it is in any way possible, to Knightsbridge, otherwise send for Harvey Nichols' wonderfully illustrated catalogue of their January sale.

A JAPANESE RED CROSS NURSE

HELP FOR THE WOUNDED

The publication of this copy of an original drawing by Bernard Partridge will doubtless suggest to many of our readers the desirability of beginning the New Year well by sending a subscription to the British Red Cross Society. Cheques should be made payable to Lord Rothschild and sent to Headquarters Collections Committee, 83, Pall Mall, S.W.

For One Week Only

At Messrs. Harrods the sale campaign is to be of the "short, sharp, and decisive" type. It will last for one week—January 11 to 16—and is aptly described by the firm as "a limited period in which to effect unlimited economies"—a period which should be viewed seriously by everyone as the one outstanding opportunity to save for the whole of the ensuing year by purchasing family, household, and personal requisites at prices which may possibly never recur. In the case of a house like this, which deals comprehensively in nearly everything that anybody can possibly want, the best advice I can offer is, "Go and see for yourself." But if you cannot do this let me commend to your notice Messrs. Harrods' sale catalogue which will be sent you post free on application, and from which in turn you can order by post whatever you fancy. You will find in it an array of carefully selected bargains that cannot fail to arrest your attention.

Burberrys' Half-Price Sale

The Burberry 1915 sale, which began on January 1, promises to be specially memorable not only for the size and quality of the stock, but for its variety and unrivalled distinction. It includes every sort of tailored garment that either sex requires for any outdoor purpose from the beginning to the end of the year. These are available in exhaustive descriptions of texture, weight, colouring, and pattern—Burberry cloths being in weave and design invariably novel, artistic, and of marvellous durability. Large sections of the vast basement and first floor of Burberrys' Haymarket building are entirely devoted to the sale, and every possible arrangement has been adopted for the comfort of purchasers, for although no fewer than eighty-seven of Burberrys' staff are serving in His Majesty's and the Allied Forces, the firm has taken the necessary steps to ensure that the sale shall be conducted with the same zeal, despatch, and efficiency as have always characterised its business methods. An illustrated catalogue of the sale, including both men's and women's dress, will be forwarded, post free, on receipt of postcard by Burberrys, Haymarket, London, S.W.

A STRIKING NEW NELSON PICTURE.

THE TOAST IS "BRITAIN."

By FRED ROE, R.I.

HUNG "ON THE LINE" in this year's Academy, the original painting by Fred Roe, R.I., of which the above is a black-and-white photograph, was one of the pictures of the year, and attracted a great deal of attention, no less by its artistic excellence than by reason of the historic incident which it portrays.

The picture is of an episode in the life of probably the most beloved of our National Heroes, and relates to a complimentary banquet at which Nelson was seated next to Benjamin West ; he expressed admiration for the painter's "Death of General Wolfe," and asked West why he had painted no more such pictures. West replied that there were no more such subjects left, but that he feared Nelson's intrepidity would some day furnish him with an opportunity, which he would not lose ; Nelson. thereupon, is said to have replied, "Then I hope I shall die in the next action."

The subject is one which always makes a strong appeal to British sentiment—more particularly so at the present time—and the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap have, therefore, at very great expense, decided to issue a facsimile reproduction of the picture in colours, which is in every respect of the high standard fitting to the occasion and the subject.

The reproduction, mounted as it is on best plate paper, size 33in. by 27in., and entirely free from advertisement matter, is a most handsome picture, worthy to grace the walls of the most tasteful home; it will be sent FREE, securely packed, to users of WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap who send 24 outside wrappers from the 4*d.* tablets of soap, together with 6*d.* to cover postage (inland). Foreign postage extra. Address "Britain," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

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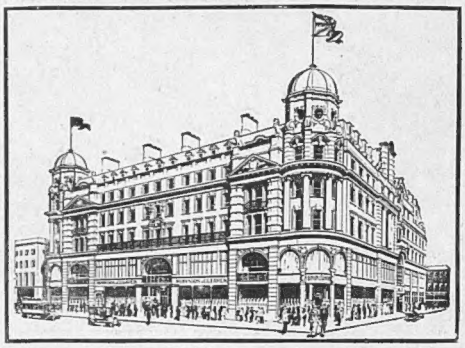
Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's Sale

Another sale which has started this week and will continue until the end of the month is Robinson and Cleaver's, whose headquarters in London are at 156-170, Regent Street, and in Belfast at 44, Donegall Place. Here, too, the opportunities offered for the acquisition of genuine bargains are far more numerous than usual, for the firm have determined to make an absolute clearance of all stock accumulated during the depression in trade which followed upon the outbreak of the war. The result is an offer of linens, curtains, *lingerie*, robes, blouses, gloves, handkerchiefs, hosiery, laces, and men's wear of every description at unprecedented prices. It should be noted that the firm also have depôts at 101, Cheapside, London, and at 22, Church St., Liverpool.



MESSRS. ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S NEW LINEN HALL IN REGENT STREET

So-called to distinguish it from its parent, the Old Linen Hall, in Belfast

To Help the Relief Fund

The new Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund Playing Cards, issued under the auspices of the Fund, deserve the support of all card-players. Both the manufacturers and the retailers are giving up their profit to the fund, so that out of every shilling packet you buy, sixpence goes to patriotic purposes, threepence to the Prince of Wales's Fund and threepence to the British Government. Although they are sold at the popular price of 1*s.* per packet, these cards are manufactured by a well-known house, and are far superior to those usually obtainable at this price. A cambric surface makes them very easy to deal. The design on the back is an excellent one, and consists of the Prince of Wales's Feathers on a tinted background surrounded by a garter and patriotic design in gold, blue, and red. The cards can be obtained both in pink and light blue backgrounds.

"Johnnie Walker's" New Namesake

The latest addition to the list of quaint names—such as "Jack Johnson" and "Black Maria"—given by our light-hearted Tommies to various deadly explosives which are being used in the war is disclosed in the following extract from a letter from an English soldier at the front: "The chief bomb we drop on the Germans is called a 'Johnnie Walker,' which gives a devil of a bang, and is 'still going strong.' One of the Flying Corps has popped 157 into —— this month. It's funny about these bombs being called 'Johnnie Walkers.' Our people blew up half a train with them yesterday." "Some" bomb!

The Riviera of the West Country

Those of our Continental friends now in England who are acquainted with the French Riviera will be interested to visit its English prototype—the Cornish Riviera. Similarly, those of our visitors whose desire is to know as much of England as possible should make certain of at least a peep at this piece of typically English England. The climate at the Cornish resorts is of the kind usually associated with more southern retreats—remarkably equable and mild; the scenery is magnificent, and excursions are possible to delightful old-world villages that fortunately never seem to be able to shake off their atmosphere of romance.

Continental Travel

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announce that, in connection with the 8.30 a.m. service from Victoria, daily, a restaurant car is running in the through train from Boulogne to Paris. Express trains leave Paris (Lyon) at 8.5 p.m for the Riviera and Italy (*viâ* Modane) and at 10.30 p.m. for Switzerland (*viâ* the Simplon). Through registration of luggage from London to the Riviera has been arranged; passengers attend to clearance through Customs at Boulogne.

The Menu: SOME SWEET DISHES FOR A NEW YEAR'S PARTY

Orange Soufflé
Madeira Cake with Bananas
Chocolate Sponge
Stone Cream
Macaroon Custard
Banana Salad

Orange Soufflé

Take as many oranges as you require for the dish. Wipe the oranges, and rasp off all the rind on lump sugar. Pound this, and mix with it one well-beaten white of an egg to each 2 oz. of sugar. Mix until like icing. Divide the oranges into quarters, dip them in sherry, then in castor sugar. Pile them high in the centre of the dish, and pour the icing over. Decorate with a few cherries, and put a few ratafia biscuits round.

Madeira Cake with Bananas

Slice a Madeira cake horizontally. Then peel and mash six bananas with a spoonful of strawberry jam, a little castor sugar, and moisten it with a little lemon-juice; add to it rather more than one-third its bulk in either rich custard or whipped cream. Spread the slices of cake with this, put them back on one another in shape, and cover with sweetened and flavoured whipped cream.

Chocolate Sponge

Put 2½ oz. of chocolate powder or grated chocolate into a pan, with one pint of milk, 1½ oz. of leaf gelatine, and sugar to taste. Stir until the two last ingredients are quite melted. Strain into a basin, and when nearly cold add the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs, and whisk well. Put it into a china mould, turn out when set, and serve with or without whipped cream.

Stone Cream

Boil ½ oz. of gelatine in a little milk until dissolved, then add half a pint of cream (or very good milk), a wine-glass of marsala, the peel of a lemon, and the juice of half, and powdered sugar to taste. Whisk them together until it thickens. Put it in a mould, and leave to set. When turned out, garnish with preserve. This recipe answers equally well made with milk instead of cream.

Macaroon Custard

Crush half a dozen macaroons finely; put them in a dish and pour over them a glass of sherry or marsala. Boil up one pint of milk sweetened with a tablespoonful of castor sugar. Pour this slowly on to four beaten yolks of eggs, return to the pan, and stir over the fire till the custard begins to thicken, then stir in the soaked macaroons. Allow to cool a little, and pour into a glass dish. Decorate the top with strips of angelica and halves of glacé cherries.

Banana Salad

Peel six bananas, cut them in slices, cover the bottom of a glass dish with these, then peel and slice three oranges, removing all pips, and lay the slices on the top of the bananas. Sprinkle over some castor sugar, and then put another layer of each fruit. This dish is better made some hours before it is required, as the ingredients have then time to blend well together.

EMILIA